

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC POEM,

BY MR. GRAY.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN VERSE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A DEDICATION

TO

THE GENIUS

OF

ANTIENT BRITAIN.

CHESTER:

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THE BARB

A PLEASANT

BY MR. GRAY

THE HISTORY OF

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THE HISTORY OF



CHESTER

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THE BARB

THE HISTORY OF

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D E D I C A T I O N

T O

The Genius of Antient Britain,

O F

A LATIN TRANSLATION

O F

G R A Y ' S O D E

Upon the extirpation of the WELCH BARDS, by
King EDWARD the First.

G E N I U S of Cambria, hail ! and oh ! infuse
Thy native spirit in a Latian Muse !

Teach her with Talieffin's fire to glow,

Whether thou sit'st on Snowdon's shaggy brow

B

Sublime ;

Sublime ; or from Plinlimmon's awful height,
 Enraptur'd, see'st the forms of purest light
 That sport on Severn's banks ! Methinks I trace
 Some antient Bard in ev'ry *air-drawn** face !
 There Modred's harp, and sweet Llewellyn's song,
 Are heard the venerable oaks among,
 Old as themselves ; there Urien's magic lyre ;
 That warm'd old Cambria's sons with patriot fire,
 What time Agricola † in speechless trance
 Felt tenfold vigour in each quivering lance
 Hurl'd by a British arm : Cadwallo there
 Warbles soft measures to the ravish'd ear
 Of Fancy ; high-born Hoel seems to join
 The sacred choir, in symphonies divine.
 Genius of Cambria, hail ! If thou art fled
 From Conway's shores, to mourn thy patriots dead ;

* Shakespear.

† A Roman General.

Far, far aloof from Severn's silver streams,
No longer pregnant with poetic dreams;
Yet pluck one fading laurel to reward
The fond ambition of a kindred Bard.
Oh! teach his sympathizing breast to feel
His country's wrongs; oh! suffer him to steal
One radiant spark of thy expiring flame,
And from oblivion vindicate his name!

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY MR. GRAY.

I. I.

‘**R**UIN feize thee, ruthless King!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Though fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state.
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’

Such

B A R D U S.

CARMEN PINDARICUM.

LATINÈ REDDITUM.

I. I.

‘**T**ECUM, tuisque exitium, Rex insolens,
 ‘ Ubicunque tendis, adfit, et purpurea
 ‘ Vexilla inani fluitent superbiâ,
 ‘ Victoriâque rideant! Non cassida,
 ‘ Non ære, lorica, implicata triplici,
 ‘ Nec meritorum fama præcellentium,
 ‘ Tyranne, vestra redement terrificis
 ‘ Nocturna somnis pectora; aut diris precibus
 ‘ Læsæ, lacrymisque Cambriæ.’

Tales

Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride,
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'fter stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 ' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

' O'er

Tales auditæ voces, Edoârde, catervas
 Concussere tuas, rigidisque horrore capillis,
 Te quoque, cùm repens apice Snoëdonis ab alto,
 Ordinibus longis tardè procederat agmen.
 Diriguit Glo'ster formidine : clamat " ad arma"
 Mortimer, et fixâ stetit imperterritus hastâ.

I. 2.

Jugo, feroci quod minax cacumine,
 Amni sonantis imminet Conovii *,
 Vestitus atro tegmine, et torpentibus
 Oculis dolore, vates adstitit senex ;
 (Impexa barba, canitiesque horrida
 Fluxere inane turbinis ludibrium)
 Animoque præfago, et furore magico
 Querulam percussit lyram.

' Fallor, an illa comis latè frondentibus ilex,
 ' Hæc refonis spelunca cavis, miserabile quiddam

* Vide Camden's Britannia.

‘ O’er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
 ‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 ‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
 ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 ‘ Modred, whose magic song
 ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
 ‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
 ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
 ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
 ‘ The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.

‘ Dear

- ‘ Ad vada suspirant? tibi centum hæc brachia jactat
- ‘ Indignata, tibi pœnas, Rex improbe, poscit.
- ‘ Amplius haud Hoëli numeros, haud dulce, Llewellyn,
- ‘ Barbiton illa tuum patriis imitabitur antris.

I. 3.

- ‘ Cadvallonis hebet lingua, furentibus
- ‘ Ipsis vinc’la sciens ponere fluctibus :
- ‘ Montanis Urien ipse cubilibus
- ‘ Dormit, cum tacitâ lyrâ :
- ‘ Frustrâ flebilibus Modreda cantibus
- ‘ Ploratis, scopuli, qui citharæ sono
- ‘ Plinlimmona caput flectere, nubibus-
- ‘ Cinctum, sæpe coegerat.
- ‘ Arvonis usto in littore pallidi
- ‘ Jacent, cruore, et pulvere fordidi ;
- ‘ Fugamque corvi pertinentes
- ‘ Accelerant ; aquila ipsa prædam
- ‘ Altirolans impasta fugit, stridetque per auras.

C

‘ At

' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries---
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land :
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. I.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright

" The

' At vos, o chari manes, patriæque, lyræque
 ' Confortes (neque enim cœli jucundior illa est
 ' Lux mihi, nec calidus fluit hæc per corpora sanguis)
 ' Vos tamen afflictâ patriâ cecidistis. Inanes
 ' Abeste fletus; falleris, non dormiunt.
 ' En! en! paternæ cædis, adfunt, vindices!
 ' Saxa illa circum volitant, et impio
 ' Regi minantur; et fonore lugubri,
 ' Mecum retractant barbita, et sanguineis,
 ' Tyranne, nectunt Fata vestra manibus.

II. I.

" Telam ducite, ducite flamina;
 " Funeream vestris, Edoârde, nepotibus ecce!
 " Rex odiose, stolam!
 " At locus infernis sit fatis undiquè,
 " Satque, superque, notis.
 " Annum pingite; pingite noctem;
 " Territa vicinis ubi tu, Sabrina, fluentis

" The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd;
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable Warriour fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.

“ Morientis ægros ejulatus repetēs

“ Regis, per aulæ Bercleanæ laquear.

“ At tibi, quæ infestis laniās, lupa Galla, maritum

“ Unguibus, ex utero tibi detur filius, ultor

“ Patris, et in patriam vestram qui vindicis ignis

“ Ejaculator erit. dextrâ en! Cœlestia torquens

“ Fulmina, victor adest! illi dux agminis horror,

“ Et fuga; ponè metus, et tristi lurida fronte

“ Flectit Cura pedes, et plurima mortis imago.

II. 2.

“ Inclytus victor jacet, imperator

“ Magnus obscuro jacet ille busto!

“ Deest et infleto comes unus, una

Lacryma regi!

“ Fugit equum domitor, nigris celeberrimus armis,

“ Ille decus patriæ, præsidiumque suæ?

“ Eheu! natus abit tuus, et jam pulvis, et umbra est.

“ Quod sub sole tuo natum est, examen apricum

“ Nunc ubi ludit apum? Juvenem Titana salutant,

Auro-

" Fair laughs the morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's fway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye

" Auroramque novam; quàm suavè Aurora renidet
 " Suavè-fufurranti Zephyro, dum aurata phaselus
 " Cœruleas equitat per aquas, cultuque superbit
 " Regifico! puppi placido sedet ore juvenus,
 " Idaliique chori faciles moderantur habenas;
 " Ventorum obliti, cœcoque latentis in antro,
 " Turbinis, optatâ fruituri vespere prædâ.

II. 3.

" Miscete pocula capacia, et dapes
 " Parate festas; quippè coronæ decus
 " Licèt peremptum doleat, indulgeat
 " Epulis tamen: Sitis, famesque regiis
 " En! ut sedilibus affidentes, rideant
 " Impunè rictu barbaro!
 " Audistis æra martia? audistis virûm
 " Ruentium in arma fremitum?
 " En! obvios equos equis, hastilibus
 " Hastilia occurrentia!
 " Ingruit in rabiem Mavors, multosque per annos
 " Heu! confanguineis civilia bella catervis
 " Inferit.

“ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his Consort’s faith, his Father’s fame,
 “ And spare the meek Usurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the rose of snow,
 “ Twin’d with her blushing foe we spread :
 “ The bristled Boar, in infant-gore
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 “ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

- “ Inferit. O vos, Cæsareo constructa labore,
 “ Mœnia, Plantagenæ quot tristia funera gentis
 “ Vidistis ! quotiès nocturnâ cæde Penates
 “ Erubuère tui ! at famæ haud oblita paternæ,
 “ Conjugis haud oblita piæ, castique Hymenæi,
 “ Augustum venerata caput, vitæque tenorem
 “ Innocuæ, si fas, Henrico parcite. (frustrà,
 “ Frustrà precor) latus per omne candidas
 “ Rubris rosarum foliis innectite :
 “ Aper sub umbrâ inhospitali infantium,
 “ Heu, et nepotum tingere
 “ Cruore dentes avidos, et impiâ ex-
 “ Ultare cæde properat.
 “ Eja, agite, infernis nunc tela impressa figuris
 “ Summum opus expediat, fratres : dabis, improbe, pœnas,
 “ Ipse, Edoârde, dabis.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 ' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 ' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 ' Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 ' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
 ' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 ' All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!

“ Partem, ecce! vestri chariorem pectoris

(“ Versate telam. Stabilita fila sunt.)

“ Subito litamus funeri. (jam flamina

“ Ducuntur ultima. peractumque est opus.”)

‘ Moras, amatae umbræ, moras innectite,

‘ Nec solitudini superstitem animam

‘ Relinquite, ô chari socii.

‘ Fulgente nube, quæ occidentem illuminat,

‘ Fugiant, fugiunt evanidi.

‘ Quid verò ista velit species pellucida rerum,

‘ In tua descendens, Snoëdon, capita ardua? ocellis

‘ Parcite, spectra, meis, illustria; lumen acutum

‘ Mortales hebetant visus: O secula futura,

‘ Ne ruite in raptos sensus, animumque pacem!

‘ Amplius Arthureos ne defleat Anglia manes;

‘ Vos, veri reges, salvete, Britannica proles!

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
‘ In the midst a Form divine !
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play ;
‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear ;
‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

‘ Martiâ cincti procerum cohorte,

‘ Ora tollunt fiderea ; en ! nitore

‘ Fœminas, barbâque viros, verendâ

‘ Conspiciendos!

‘ Hos inter, ecce! species venustior!

‘ Suam Britannia jubet vocarier,

‘ Oculos micantes, gratiamque regiam, et

‘ Superbientem, seu læ, incessum notans,

‘ Pudore cum virgineo.

‘ Ut resonant tremulas concordia fila per auras,

‘ Reginam ætheriis ambitiosa suam

‘ Oblectare modis ! audi, Talieffin, ab orco ;

‘ Musa potest cineres hæc animare tuos.

‘ Enthea diva, vocans te, pennas versicolores

‘ Explicat ad solem, cantatque sub æthere dio.

‘ The verse adorn again
‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
‘ In buskin’d measures move
‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
‘ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me: With joy I see
‘ The different doom our Fates assign.

III. 3.

‘ Attollant iterum prælia carmina,

‘ Compescant iterum fidus amor mea ;

‘ Et vero, decoret fabula, proxima.

‘ Luctus, flebilibus modis,

‘ Adsit, cum placidâ sollicitudine,

Atque horrore, animum qui regit anxium.

‘ Voces, angelicum quæ deceant chorum,

‘ Pennis dulcia-olentibus

‘ Aura refert Paradisi hortis ; modulamina longè

‘ Auriculas pulsan̄ dubias, sensimque recedunt

‘ Aëris in vacuum, et fero conduntur in ævo.

‘ Ergonè, vane, putas, jubar illud in æthere pendens,

‘ Sanguineâ hâc nebulâ obscurari posse, tuumque

‘ Passurum arbitrium? Lux altera furget, et orbis

‘ Damna sui reparans, duplici effulgebit honore.

‘ Hoc fat mihi ; præcinuisse varia

‘ Tui, meique fata : regni onus tuum

‘ Sit

‘ Be

‘ Be thine Despair, and scept’red Care ;

‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height

Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

T H E E N D.

‘ Sit inquietum, mentis ægritudine

‘ Angi tuum ; mori, et triumphare meum est.’

Dixit, et a scopulo se præcipitem dedit alto,

Vitaque raucifonas fugit indignata sub undas.

F I N I S.

[22]

Sit in quibus, mentis agnitione
Angi tunc, et triumphare meum est.
Dixit, et a seculo se recipere debet alio.
Vixit, et rationes legit in sapientia.

Q. I. N. I. S.

